Gone.

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

Another hand is beckoning on,
Another call is given;
And glows once more with angel steps
The path which reaches Heaven.

One young and gentle friend whose smile
Made brighter summer hours,
Amid the frosts of autumn time
Has left us with the flowers.

No paling of the cheek of bloom
Forewarned us of decay,
No shadow from the silent hand,
Fell round our sister's way.

The light of her young life went down
As sinks behind the hill
The glory of a setting star—
Clear, suddenly, and still.

As pure and sweet her fair brow seemed—
Eternal as the sky;
And like the brook's low song her voice—
A sound which could not die.

And half we deemed she heeded not
The changing of her sphere,
To give to Heaven a shining one
Who walked an angel here.

The blessing of her quiet life
Fell on us like the dew;
And good thoughts where her footsteps pressed
Like fairy blossoms grew.

Sweet promptings unto kindest deeds
Were in her very look:
We read her face as one who reads
A true and holy book:

The pleasure of a blessed hymn
To which our hearts could move,
The breathing of an inward psalm,
A canticle of love.

We miss her in the place of prayer
And by the hearth fire's light;
We pause beside her door to hear
Once more her sweet "Good night."

There seems a shadow in the day
Her smile no longer cheers,
A dimness on the stars of night
Like eyes that look through tears.

Alone unto our Father's will
Our thought hath reconciled;
That He whose love exceedeth ours
Hath taken home his child.

Fold her, oh Father! in thine arms
And let her henceforth be
A messenger of love between
Our human hearts, and thee.

Still let her mild rebuking stand
Between us and the wrong,
And her dear memory serve to make
Our faith in goodness strong.

And grant that she who trembling here
Distrusted all her powers,
May welcome to her holier home
The well beloved of ours.

From Fraser's Magazine.

Madame Recamier.

The position occupied by Madame Recamier in French Society, and the influence which she exercised over it, entitle her to be considered as one of the most remarkable persons of our age. At the same time, to those who did not enjoy the happiness of her acquaintance, the secret of the influence of which we speak, and to which there has been nothing equal in recent times, must, unless the cause of it be explained, remain in mystery. I have so frequently been asked by her countrymen and my own, in what the fascination of Madame Recamier consisted—how it was that after the loss of fortune, youth, and beauty, she still retained an unquestioned and unequalled empire over men's minds—that I venture to attempt some explanation of the problem. For society, and above all the female part of it, has no slight interest in the matter.

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My first impression and my latest conviction with regard to Mme. Recamier were the same; they furnished me with one invariable answer to all the questions I have been asked about her. It was the atmosphere of benignity which seemed to exhale like a delicate perfume from her whole person, that prolonged the fascination of her beauty. It was her heart rather than her head, that inspired her with the faculty of animating, guiding, harmonizing, the society over which she presided, with a quiet resistless power, the secret of which was with herself. Mme. Recamier was by no means a talker, nor was I ever struck by her talents or acquirements. She seldom said much; and it was only on an attentive study that one perceived how much of the charm and value of the conversation was due to her gentle influence, never asserted yet always felt. It would be a mistake, nay, a disparagement, to imagine that she attracted round her such a circle of distinguished men by the brilliancy of her conversation. It was the ineffable charm of the sweetest and kindliest of tempers; the strongest desire to give pleasure, to avert pain, to avoid offence, to render her society agreeable and soothing to all its members, to enable everybody to present himself in the most favorable light;—it was the suavity, the refined humanity of her nature, that gave grace to all her acts and gestures; that rendered her beauty irresistible in youth, and the charm of her manner scarcely less powerful in age.

It is not, therefore, the sermon so often preached over the grave of beauty—that it is transient and probable—that we would fain pour into fair and youthful ears.—Those who cannot see that most obvious and salient of truths, and upon whom the sight does not force some serious reflections, are far beyond the reach of words. Neither are we at all inclined to assert the well-worn falsehood, so often told by the very men whose whole life belies it, that beauty is of no value. Beauty, like any other power, is one of the great gifts of God, who has so constituted man that he is, and ever must be, its subject, often its slave. It is the highest and the most intoxicating of all powers, for it is at its zenith when the reason is yet unripe; it is attained without toil or sacrifice, and held without responsibility. It is, then, not by decrying or depreciating so mighty a gift that any good can be done. The consciousness of her triumphs, (unknown, perhaps, to any but herself,) will speak louder to the possessor of beauty, than any attempts of ours to depreciate their value.

But what may perhaps be done, at least where beauty is combined with tolerable understanding, is to show its high vocation, and its sweet influences on social life; to point to the withered, heartless, and spiteful coquette, whose beauty survives only in her own memory, and to her own torment, and then to Mme. Recamier, old and blind, surrounded with such respectful admiration, such affectionate and almost enthusiastic devotion, as few indeed of the young and brilliant can command.

Such then as hers, we would say, fair creatures, is the sceptre which He who made you fair has placed within your reach. Would you obtain it? He, too, has taught you the means—first by the law of your woman's nature, which He has written on your hearts; secondly, by that other divine law which He has given you in His word. You are, if you are true-born women, gentle, kind, and loving, anxious to please, and fearful to offend. If you are Christian women, you are meek and lowly of heart, full of pity and charity, of good-will manifested in kindly words and benevolent works. Let these things be added to your beauty, and see, in the example before us, how enduring is its empire!

It is true that Mme. Recamier was gifted with a corporeal grace which is not to be acquired, and which admirably seconded the grace of soul that inspired her lovely person. This was striking to the last. Even when bowed by age, and moving about with the uncertain step and gait of the blind, this did not forsake her. There was a gentleness and suavity in all her movements that excited admiration, even in the midst of the tender pity she excited. It is probable that the impression she made on me was stronger and more beautiful in her age and darkness, than it would have been had I seen her in the pride of her beauty and the triumphs of her charms.—It is certain that those who had known her in the plenitude of her power never forsook her, and that the attachments she inspired ended only with life.

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At the time that I became a resident in Paris, I heard that Mme. Recamier had ceased to receive strangers. Her sight, afterwards completely extinguished, was already dimmed; her health was extremely delicate, and, as she afterwards told me with her gentle smile, she did not care to have people come only to look at the once beautiful Mme. Recamier. I had, therefore, not the smallest hope of seeing a person concerning whom I felt so much curiosity and interest, and it was with equal surprise and pleasure that I accepted the kind permission of her niece, Mme. Lenormant, to accompany her one evening to the Abbaye aux Bois. From that time I became as frequent a visitor as all the obstacles interposed by great distance, health, weather, and occupation, would allow me.

For a long time before her death (says Mme. Lenormant) she had ceased to make visits, but her *salon* was open every day before and after dinner. Before dinner (from three to six) was particularly devoted to M. de Chateaubriand. Every day, without fail, he came at three, and did not go till six. During the last two years, his *valet de chambre* and another servant brought him into the room in his armchair.

M. de Chateaubriand had entirely lost the use of his legs. When I first saw him his very elegant head wore no appearance of illness; he was still a singularly handsome old man, but it was evident that he suffered morally as well as physically from an infirmity which exhibited him in so helpless a state. Even then, M. de Chateaubriand spoke little, and often appeared to take little part in the conversation. He spoke to me occasionally of England; and in a foreboding tone. He did not like the reform-bill; he augured no good from free trade agitation, and seemed to fear that we were on a declivity. Considering the state of his health and spirits, and the nature of his political opinions, this was to be expected. His appearance and manner were those of the most perfect breeding and courtesy. M. de Chateaubriand was the principal person in the group which formed itself round Mme. Recamier, and the object of the utmost respect and attention. There was something imposing in his silence and in his high-bred air, which well fitted him for the place he filled.

Those (says Mme. Lenormant) who have seen them during the last two years, who have seen Mme. Recamier, blind, but retaining the sweetness and brilliancy of her eyes, surrounding the illustrious friend whose age had extinguished his memory, with cares so delicate, so tender, so watchful; have seen her joy when she helped him to snatch a momentary distraction from the conversation which passed around him, by leading it to subjects connected with that remoter past which still lingered in his memory—those persons will never forget the scene; for they could not help being deeply affected with pity and respect at the sight of that noble beauty, brilliancy and genius, bending beneath the weight of age, and sheltered with such ingenious tenderness by the sacred friendship of a woman who forgot her own infirmities in the endeavor to lighten his.

Mme. Lenormant is right in saying that it is impossible to forget this touching scene. How distinctly is she now before me, as she seized my hand, on one of my latest visits to the Abbaye aux Bois, and said rapidly in her sweet low voice, "Do not speak to him; talk across him!" At that time he had sunk into almost unbroken silence, but she never gave up the chance that conversation might afford him a momentary amusement.

It is characteristic of Mme. Recamier's unselfish nature, that after the operation for cataract had proved unsuccessful, and she had to resign herself to hopeless darkness, she remarked that an infirmity which was inconvenient only to herself was the one which she could the most easily submit to. I remember on one occasion when I called on her, and she fancied that she had neglected some act of courtesy, she said, with her sweet smile, and as if excusing herself, "*Il est si incommode d'etre aveugle.*" As if the chief value of sight was the power it gives of ministering to the pleasure of others!

Next on the list of those who daily assembled about Mme. Recamier, was the venerable and amiable Ballanche—that incomparable friend, who from the moment he beheld her devoted his life to her. Nobody who knew M. Ballanche can forget him, or can remember any one like him.—He realized all one's conception of the simplicity, serenity, and benevolence of a Christian philosopher. Nothing could be more engaging, nothing more venerable than his manner. Even his ugliness had something singularly attractive. He inspired love, confidence, and respect, in a degree rare indeed when united.

Whilst he was engaged in the composition of *Antigone*, (says another of the illustrious group of devoted friends, M. J. J. Ampere, in his *Memoire* of M. Ballanche,) poetry appeared to him under an enchanting form. He became acquainted with her, of whom he said, that the charm of her presence had laid his sorrows to sleep; who, after being the soul of his most elevated and delicate inspirations, became in later years the providence of every moment of his life, down to that final one, when she came to take her seat by the death-bed of the faithful friend she so deeply lamented.

M. Ampere quotes the following passage from a letter of M. Ballanche to Mme. Recamier.

Yes, you are the Antigone of my dreams; her destiny is not like yours, but the elevated soul, the generous heart, the genius of devotedness, are the features of your character. I was only beginning *Antigone* when you appeared to me at Lyons, and God only knows how large a share you have in the portrait of that noble woman! Antiquity is far from having furnished me all the materials for it; the ideal was revealed to me by you. I shall explain all these things one day; I choose the world to know that so perfect a creature was not created by me.

And again, at a later age, he says:

If my name survives me, which appears more and more probable, I shall be called the philosopher of the Abbye aux Bois, and my philosophy will be considered as inspired by you. Remember that it was only through Eurydice that Orpheus had any true mission to his brother men; and remember, too, that Eurydice was a marvellous vision. The dedication of the *Palingenesie* will explain all this to posterity. This thought is one of my joys. I believe that I am now entering on the last stage of my life; this stage may be prolonged for some time, but I know well what what is at the end of it. I shall fall asleep in the bosom of a great hope, and full of confidence in the thought that your memory and mine will live the same life.

I have been the more desirous to enlarge on this part of Mme. Recamier's life, because it illustrates what I have so often remarked, the incomparable tenderness and constancy of the French in Friendship.—How the vulgar notion of the instability of French friendship arose, I cannot guess.—Nobody can have lived among them without seeing instances of devotedness to which we can offer no parallel. If it be thought that I am exaggerating, let anybody show me here in England an example of a woman who has neither youth nor beauty, fortune, nor what is called connection, living in a most remote and inconvenient spot, and going nowhere, whose modest *salon* is the *daily* resort of five or six among the most eminent men in the country, and the frequent resort of a great number of distinguished men and women.

And Mme. Recamier, however supreme, was far from being alone in this respect.—I could mention other houses in Paris where a faithful band assembled, with nearly equal punctuality around the friend of many years. Were it permitted to speak of one's self, my own experience would suffice to prove the steadiness, warmth, and devotedness of French friendship; but I shall have another example of it to cite among the friends of Mme. Recamier.

In the month of June, 1847, M. Ballanche, whose health was very infirm, was attacked with inflammation of the lungs. During the eight days his illness lasted, his sweetness and serenity never abandoned him for an instant, and at last he experienced the great joy of seeing her who was the life of his heart take her seat, suffering and blind, by his bedside, which she did not quit, till, with the calmness of a sage and the resignation of a saint, he fell asleep, as he had said, "in the bosom of a great hope."

I shall never forget the sort of consternation, mingled with sorrow which this death caused. Everybody felt regret for so pure and excellent a man, but yet more of grief and pity for Mme. Recamier, whose loss was felt to be overwhelming and entirely irreparable. I had happened to hear that M. Ampere, whom I knew to have been for some time suffering from the effects of his dangerous illness in Egypt, was going to recruit his shattered health in the Pyrenees. He was to accompany M. Cousin, and the day of their departure was fixed. Two or three days after the death of M. Ballanche I went to the Abbaye aux Bois to inquire for Mme. Recamier.—M. Ampere, who had instantly taken, as far as it was possible, the place of his venerable and lamented friend, came out to speak to me. After talking of her and her unutterable loss, I said, "And you? You will be obliged to give up your journey."—"*Oh,*" said he, "*je n'y pensais plus.*"—The demands and perils of his own health were utterly forgotten. M. Ampere has, I am sure, totally forgotten our conversation, but I do not forget the effect it produced on me.

I should gladly digress a little to quote the beautiful speech which M. de Tocqueville, in the name of the Academie, pronounced over the grave of M. Ballanche; or the eloquent address to the departed of his fellow-townsman, M. de la Prade.—A few words of the latter I cannot bear to omit:

There was in your mind, in its serenity, its charming simplicity, its tenderness, something more than is found in the wisest and the best. Your virtue was of a divine nature; it was at once a prolonged innocence and an acquired wisdom. In you, learned old age had retained the purity and the candor which in others does not outlive infancy. Serene and radiant as your soul may now be in the mansions of peace, we can hardly conceive of it as more loving and more pure than we beheld it on this earth of impurity and strife.

Such was the friend who was taken from Mme. Recamier, when age and infirmity had made him most necessary to her. No wonder that she never recovered from the shock. The last interview I had with her has left on my mind a picture which no length of years will efface. The servant who came to the door told me he did not think Mme. Recamier could see me; she had one of her attacks in the throat, and had completely lost her voice—but he would inquire. I said, I did not expect to be received; I wanted to know how she was. He returned, saying Mme. Recamier wished to see me. It was early—before three—and she was alone. She was sitting with her hands folded on her lap, and her feet resting on the ledge of a low chair before her, in an attitude of utter though tranquil memory. On that chair I seated myself, and, taking her hand, kissed it.—She attempted to speak, but could not, and I entreated her not to try, and offered to go. She held my hand fast, and as often as I proposed to go, fearing to fatigue her, she pressed it; and so we sat; she, blind and speechless, I at her feet, hardly able to keep from tears, but saying, from time to time, something, which she answered by a pressure of the hand. While we were setting thus, the door was thrown open, and with the usual announcement, "*M. le Vicomte,*" M. de Chateaubriand was brought in, in his chair, and deposited by her side; and thus I left the illustrious couple, struck to the soul with this scene from the close of two of the most brilliant of lives. Here were grace and beauty, genius and fame, high birth and honors, all that men love, admire, or covet—and to what were they reduced? Of all that Heaven had so lavishly bestowed, what remained? what had the least value for them, save those humane and pious affections, which alone survive the loss of every external advantage?

M. Ballanche died in June, 1847; M. de Chateaubriand in July, 1848; and the sweet women who had been at once the object, and the bond of their friendship, on the 11th of May, 1849. The immediate cause of her death was cholera; but affliction, especially from the moment she perceived the injury done by time to the great faculties of M. de Chateaubriand, had already undermined her health, and opened the way to the destroyer. She died at the house of her beloved niece, rejoicing in the in the intervals of her terrible agonies, that she was permitted to die surrounded by her family.

There can hardly be a greater proof of the preoccupation of all minds in Paris, than the small attention this event excited; an event which (as a man distinguished in politics as well as in letters, and not one of her friends, remarked to me,) would, in less stormy times, have formed the sole subject of conversation. But the memory of this gracious woman will outlive those of a hundred noisy tribunes and ambitious schemers.

To be beloved (says Madame de Hautefeuille in her affectionate lament) was the history of Madame Recamier. Beloved by all in her youth, for astonishing beauty; beloved for her gentleness, her inexhaustible kindness, for the charm of a character which was reflected in her sweet face; beloved for the tender and sympathizing friendship which she awarded with an exquisite tact and discrimination of heart; beloved by young and old, small and great; by women; even women, so fastidious where other women are concerned—beloved always and by all from her cradle to her grave—such was the lot, such will be the renown, of this charming woman! What other glory is so enviable?

Mme. Recamier had a quality which, perhaps, more even than her winning kindness, attracted and attached men to her.—"*Elle etoit le genie de la confiance,*" said one of the noblest and most eminent of her living countrymen. All who were admitted to her intimacy hastened to her with their joys and their sorrows, their projects and ideas; certain not only of secrecy and discretion, but of the warmest and readiest sympathy. If a man had the *ebauche* of a book, a speech, a picture, an enterprise in his head, it was to her that he unfolded his half-formed plan, sure of an attentive and sympathizing listener. This is one of the peculiar functions of women. It is incalculable what comfort and encouragement a kind and wise woman may give to timid merit, what support to uncertain virtue, what wings to noble aspirations.

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I cannot conclude this long outpouring of recollections without some mention of another Frenchwoman, the sublime type of a wholly different nature, with whom Mme. Recamier was brought into contact near the close of her life. It was, I think, in the summer of 1845 that Mme. Recamier visited her niece, then staying at Bellevue, where M. Guizot's family had a house.—There she saw his most noble, venerable, and saintly mother, whose commanding intelligence, fervent piety, and devotion to her son and his family, evidently left a strong impression on her mind. She knew that I enjoyed the singular happiness (one of the greatest of my life) of frequent intercourse with a family, the least distinction of which was the station and power of it; and she never failed to ask me with peculiar interest for Madame Guizot. I never think of the meeting of these two remarkable women without intense interest. How different their youth! how widely severed their paths through life! With what feelings did the once adored beauty, the darling of society, contemplate the saintly and heroic widow who, at twenty-six, when the husband of her youth had fallen on the revolutionary scaffold, cut off her long and beautiful hair, and put on the small close cap which she never laid aside, sought refuge with her two boys in Geneva, and, to the hour of her death, lived devoted to God and her children!

But the same path is not marked out for all. Mme. Recamier's was one of diffusive benevolence, and she walked in it faithfully to the end. She was not called to the exercise of maternal affections and maternal duties. The tenderness and heroism of her nature found a vent in universal kindness and devoted friendship.

It was at the same time and place that M. de Chateaubriand and Mme. Guizot met for the first and only time in their lives. He called upon the venerable lady, for whom he always afterwards expressed the greatest admiration and reverence. What a singular meeting! Like that of two mariners shipwrecked by the same storm, whom fate has led, after long wanderings, to the same resting-place.

From Barritt's Christian Citizen.

Norwegian Song.

The stately pine of Norway,
Tree of the mountain land,
Firm rooted on the wind-swept height,
How proudly does it stand!
The snows and rushing tempests come,
And the foaming torrents shine,
And the dim mists gather round the home
Of Norway's stately pine—
The tree that braves a thousand storms,
Old Norway's stately pine!

We envy not the roses
Of the climes where summer reigns,
Nor the chesnut woods that greenly wave
On the distant southern plains.
We envy not the orange bowers,
Nor the purple clustering vine;
For the tree of the changeless leaf is ours,
Old Norway's stately pine;
The tree that braves a thousand storms,
Old Norway's stately pine.

How many a strange wild legend
Round the peasant's hearth is told,
When all is bright and warm within,
As the winds without are cold.
And in the woodfire's cheerful rays
Young eyes of gladness shine;
What is it feeds that evening blaze?
'Tis Norway's stately pine:
The tree that braves a thousand storms,
Old Norway's stately pine.

Upon the wave-rocked ocean
That girts our native shore,
Boldly, in his adventurous toil,
The fisher plies his oar.
Wanderer, what is it forms the bark,
That bounding bark of thine?
'Tis the ancient tree of the forest dark,
Old Norway's stately pine;
The tree that braves a thousand storms,
Old Norway's stately pine.

The winds make solemn music,
Like the restless sea's wild moan,
As they linger 'mid its leaves awhile,
With a soft and trembling tone.
With a spirit power that whispering sound
Thrills through the heart's deep shrine,
For we love old Norway's mountain ground,
And we love her stately pine!
The tree that braves a thousand storms,
Old Norway's stately pine. A. L. W.

Worcester, (Eng.)

Endurance of Calamity.

With a brave and strong heart should man go forth to battle with calamity. He shall not let it be his master, but rather shall he master it—yea, he shall be as an artificer, who taketh in his hand an instrument to work out some beautiful work.—When Sir Walter Raleigh took in his hand the axe, that was in a few moments to deprive him of life, and felt its keen edge, he said, smiling, "this is a sharp medicine, but it will cure all diseases." Indeed the manner in which the brave English Noblemen and Clergy of the olden time, went to death, even when it was to appease the jealousy or wrath of unjust monarchs, is illustrative of the spirit I would recommend. Fortitude, manliness, cheerfulness, with modesty and humility, dressed them, even on the scaffold, in robes of eternal honor. And surely he who takes an instrument in his hand, which is not to slay him, but with which he may work out the model and perfection of every virtue in him, should take it with resolution and courage; should say, "with this sore pain or bitter sorrow, is a good and noble work for me to do, and well and nobly will I strive to do it. I will not blench nor fly from what my Father above has appointed me. I will not drown my senses and faculties with opiates to escape it. I will not forsake the post of trial and peril." Do you remember that noble boy who stood on the burning deck at the battle of Nile? Many voices around said, "come down!—come away!" But the confiding child said, "father, shall I come?" Alas! that father's voice was hushed in death; and his child kept his post till he sunk in the whelming flame. Oh! noble child! thou teachest us firmly to stand in our lot, till the great word of providence bids us fly, or bids us sink!

But while I speak thus, think me not insensible to the severity of man's sufferings. I know what human nerves and sinews and feelings are. When the sharp sword enters the very bosom, the iron enters the very soul—I see what must follow. I see the uplifted hands, the writhed brow, the written agony in the eye. But God's mercy, which "tempers the blast to the shorn lamb," does not suffer these to be the ordinary and permanent forms of affliction. No, thou sittest down in thy still chamber, and sad memories come there, or it may be, strange trials gather under thy brooding thought. Thou art to die; or thy friend must die; or worse still, thy friend is faithless. Or thou sayest that coming life is dark and desolate. And now as thou sittest there, I will speak to thee; and I say—though sighs will burst from thy almost broken heart, yet when they come back in echoes from the silent walls, let them teach thee. Let them tell thee that God wills not thy destruction, thy suffering for its own sake—wills thee not—cannot will thee, any evil; how could that thought come from the bosom of infinite love! No, let thy sorrows tell thee, that God wills thy repentance, thy virtue, thy happiness, thy preparation for infinite happiness! Let that thought spread holy light through thy darkened chamber. That which is against thee, is not as that which is for thee. Calamity, a dark speck in thy sky, seemeth to be against thee; but God's goodness, the all embracing light and power of the universe, forever lives, and shines around thee and for thee.

"Evil and good, before him stand
Their mission to perform."

The angel of gladness is there; but the angel of affliction is there too—and both alike for good. May the angel of gladness visit us as often as is good for us!—I pray for it. But that angel of affliction! what shall we say to it? Shall we not say—"come thou too, when our Father willeth—come thou, when need is—with saddened brow and pitying eye, come; and take us on thy wings, and bear us up to hope, to happiness, to heaven—to that presence where is fullness of joys—to that right hand, where are pleasures for evermore!"

There is one further thought which I must not fail to submit to you, on this subject, before I leave it. The greatness of our sufferings, points to a correspondent greatness in the end to be gained. When I see what men are suffering around me, I cannot help feeling that it was meant not only, that they should be far better than they are, but far better than they often think of being. The end must rise higher and brighter before us, before we can look through this dark cloud of human calamity. The struggle, the wounds, the carnage and desolation of a battle, would overwhelm me with horror, if it were not fought for freedom, for the fire-side—to protect infancy from ruthless butchery, and the purity of our homes from brutal wrong. So is the battle of this life, a bewildering maze of misery and despair, till we see the high prize that is set before it. You would not send your son to travel through a barren and desolate wilderness, or to make a long and tedious voyage to an unhealthy clime, but for some great object: say, to make a fortune thereby. And any way, it seems to your parental affection, a strange and almost cruel proceeding. Nor would the merciful Father of life, have sent his earthly children to struggle through all the sorrows, the pains and perils of this world, but to attain to the grandeur of a moral fortune, worth all the strife and endurance. No, all this is not ordained in vain, nor in reckless indifference to what we suffer, but for an end, for a high end, for an end higher than we think for. Troubles, disappointments, afflictions, sorrows, press us on every side, that we may rise upward, upward, ever upward. And believe me, in thus rising upward, you shall find the very names that you give to calamity, gradually changing. Misery, strictly speaking and in its full meaning, does not belong to a good mind. Misery shall pass into suffering, and suffering into discipline, and discipline into virtue, and virtue into heaven. So let it pass with you. Bend now patiently and meekly, in that lowly "worship of sorrow," till in God's time, it become the worship of joy—of proportionably higher joy—in that world where there shall be no more sorrow nor pain nor crying—where all tears shall be wiped from your eyes—where beamings of heaven in your countenance, shall grow brighter by comparison with all the darkness of earth.—*Dewey.*

Have we a Father There?

"Clarinda—do you think we shall live again . . . after we are dead?"

"I don't know," was the answer, in a low, mournful tone.

"It seems," continued he, "as if I had been alive a very, very short time. I have *lived* . . . and done nothing else; and now I feel sorry to go into darkness and nothingness again. Do you think I shall?"

"Then you think you shall die?" . . . . said she, with her usual abruptness, but with a bitterness inexpressible in her accent.

"I think I must," was the answer.

And for all this reply, she retired to her station at the foot of the bed, shrank into a heap of garments, crouched down her head, and buried her face again between her arms, and under her hair. But this time she did not look through between those arms. This time, she hid the very light of day from her forlorn, yet dry eyes.

There was a silence; and the boy breathed painfully. At last he said:

"Our Father who art in heaven!"

"Our Father?—a father—who art in heaven. Have we a father there, Clarinda? Is there some one in this wide, wide universe—this vast vault—this large vessel in which we are floating. Is there a Father in it, do you think, Clarinda?"

She lifted up her face—shook her head sorrowfully, and said:

"I don't know."

"Oh! if there were a father," said the boy, "How glad I should be to go to him!"

"Go to him?" said she mournfully.

"Ah, Clarinda! how glad we should be to go to him?"

She nodded assent, and sank down into her former position.

"I think," said the boy, after another long pause, "if I were but *sure* I should find him—I should be very glad to die."

"And I would be almost glad to let you," she replied in a low voice, and her head sank down again; and hidden by the clothes, tears, still and silent as soft summer rain, literally poured from her eyes.

Another pause!

"Clarinda, what are you thinking about all the time you are at church?"

"I do not know," said she again, raising her head—"anything—nothing. I used to look about when I was a child; and amuse myself as well as I could, and now I *think* about—that is all the difference."

"Well, that is just what I do. It is very strange that we have neither of us thought more about it. Do you ever say your prayers?" whispered he, mysteriously.—"Some people do, every night and morning."

"I never was taught any prayers, except by my old Nurse, when I was a little thing—I used to say, "Pray, God, bless Papa and Mamma, and make me a good girl." I left it off when I left the nursery, and had no one to bid me kneel down.—Brother, if there be a God!"

—"My children," said the old man, softly opening the door, "how are you both, and what was that you said last, my pretty lady, Clarinda? If there be? To be sure there is. Have I not shown him to you in the flowers? My children, comfort your poor hearts.—There is a God—a father to the fatherless, a—"

"Then he shall be *my* God," faltered the boy.

"—And will he raise the dead?"

"We shall not all sleep, but we shall all be changed, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trump; for the trumpet shall sound; and the dead shall be raised; and this corruption shall put on incorruption; and this mortal immortality"—replied the old man—"But wherefore, now, my children? Surely, this is not the first time you have asked of yourselves these things?"

"Nay," said the boy, "you know, sir, how it is with us. We are too poor, ignorant, ill-educated beings, wandering about on this earth—coming, we know not from whence—going, we know not whither.—We are two poor, desolate orphan children. We were content to wander together, but now we both believe that we must part.—And *she* would know what will become of me when I am dead; and I would know what will become of her when, like a poor little withered leaf, she is left to be blown about the world. If there *be* a father to the fatherless, why have we never been told of him?"

"It would have been a great comfort," said the girl.

—"I should have asked him a great many things, if I thought he would have heard me."

"Ask, them, for he will hear you."

—"And grant my prayers!" said she, doubtingly.

"Or do better," said the old man.

"I understand you," said she, sinking down again.

"What I would ask is his life," repeated she to herself; "poor, unhappy boy! and will he not be better with his *Father?* No, I will not ask *that*—but I will ask Him to pity me, when he takes him to himself, and to take the poor little Claranda home too."

The good and simple old man now resumed his favorite subject. He talked of creation, and its beauties, and its excellences, and long he pursued the lovely theme, consoling the hearts of these young inquirers; and then he fetched his little black Bible, and he read of life and immortality, and the touching words of the tender and pitying Lord Jesus; and he laid these two trembling children at their Savior's feet.

Fredrika Bremer.

BY MARY HOWITT.

Of herself, Fredrika Bremer says:

"If it should so happen that, as regards me, any one should wish to cast a kind glance behind the curtain which conceals a somewhat uneventful life, he may discover that I was born on the banks of the Aura, a river which flows through Abo, and that several of the venerable and learned men of the university were even my godfathers. At the age of three, I was removed, with my family, from my native country of Finland. Of this part of my life, I have only retained one single memory.—This memory is a word, a mighty name, which, in the depths of Paganism, was pronounced by the Finnish people with fear and love; and is still so pronounced in these days, although perfected by Christianity. I still fancy that I often hear this word spoken aloud over the trembling earth by the thunder of Thor, or by the gentle winds which bring to it refreshment and consolation. That word is, Jumala; the Finnish name for God, both in Pagan and Christian times.

"If any one kindly follows me from Finland into Sweden, where my father purchased an estate after he had sold his property in Finland, I would not trouble him to accompany me from childhood to youth, with the inward elementary chaos, and the outward, uninteresting, and commonplace picture of a family, which every autumn removed, in their covered carriage, from their estate in the country to their house in the capital; and every spring trundled back again from their house in the capital to their country seat; nor how there were young daughters in the family who played on the piano, sang ballads, read novels, drew in black chalk, and looked forward with longing glances to the future, when they hoped to see and do wonderful things. With humility, I must confess, I always regarded myself as a heroine."

Casting a glance into the family circle, it would be seen that they collected, in the evening, in the great drawing-room of their country house, and read aloud; that the works of the German poets were read, especially Schiller, whose Don Carlos made a profound impression upon the youthful mind of one of the daughters in particular.

A deeper glance into her soul will show that a heavy reality of sorrow was spreading, by degrees, a dark cloud over the splendor of her youthful dreams. Like early evening, it came over the path of the young pilgrim of life; and earnestly, but in vain, she endeavored to escape it. The air was dimmed as by a heavy fall of snow, darkness increased, and it became night. And in the depth of that endless winter night, she heard lamenting voices from the east, and from the west; from plant and animal; from dying nature and despairing humanity; and she saw life, with all its beauty, its love, its throbbing heart, buried alive beneath a chill covering of ice. Heaven seemed dark and void;—there seemed to be [illegible] even as there was [illegible] or, rather, all was

There is a sig[illegible] mencement, in every [illegible] beginning, there is a [illegible] divine principle, which [illegible] ness; and from this union of [illegible] ness—of fire and tears—[illegible] I believe that something [illegible] place in every human being [illegible] a deeper life; and sometimes [illegible] place in her who writes [illegible]

Looking at her a few years [illegible] be seen that a great change [illegible] in her. Her eyes have long [illegible] tears of unspeakable joy: she is [illegible] has arisen from the grave to [illegible] What has caused this change? [illegible] splendid youthful dreams been accomplished? Is she a heroine? Has she become victorious in beauty, or renown? No; nothing of this kind. The illusions of youth are past; the season of youth is over. And yet she is again young; for there is freedom in the depth of her soul, and "let there be light" has been spoken above its dark chaos; the light has penetrated the darkness, illumined the night, whilst, with her eyes fixed upon that light, she has exclaimed with tears of joy, "Death, where is thy sting? Grave, where is thy victory?"

Many a grave since then has been opened to receive those whom she tenderly loved; many a pang has been felt since then; but the heart throbs joyfully, and the dark night is over. Yes, it is over; but not the fruit which it has borne; for there are certain flowers which first unfold in the darkness; so is it also in the midnight hours of great suffering; the human soul opens itself to the light of the eternal stars.

"If it be desired to hear anything of my writings, it may be said that they began in the eighth year of my age, when I apostrophized the moon in French verses, and that during the greater part of my youth I continued to write in the same sublime strain. I wrote under the impulse of restless youthful feelings—I wrote in order to write. Afterwards, I seized the pen under another motive, and wrote—that which I had read.

"At the present time, when I stand on the verge of the autumn of my life, I still see the same objects which surrounded me in the early days of my spring, and I am so happy as still to possess, out of many dear ones, a beloved mother and sister. The mountains which surround our dwelling, and upon which Gustavus Adolphus assembled his troops, before he went as a deliverer to Germany, appear to me not less beautiful than they were in the days of my childhood; they have increased in interest, for I am now better acquainted with their grasses and their flowers."

Fredrika Bremer's works are: The Neighbors; The Home; The H. Family; Strife and Peace; The President's Daughter; Nina; The Diary; In Delecarlia; Brothers and Sisters; The Midnight Sun; together with smaller tales, and a considerable number of tracts and papers, published at various times in the Swedish journals. All these works I have, with the assistance of my husband, trans ated.

From the Religious Magazine

To "Young America."

On, bravely on, young pioneers!
With God be not afraid!
Wield in the name and strength of God
The spirit's trenchant blade!
Cut down—cut up the chapparal
Of error and of sin,
And let the noonday light of truth
And righteousness shine in!

The poison-tree still stands—the axe
Is leaning at its foot—
Take up—swing high the shining steel,
And smite it to the root!
How 'tis, the woodpeckers
Have told us long ago:
Now let the woodcutters come on,
And lay the upas low!

If days refuse to speak, and years
Their wisdom dare not tell,
Then let the young man speak the truth
The old man knows too well,
But meekness join with manliness,
And ruin go hand in hand
With godliness, for that alone
Which God hath blessed shall stand

Be firm and fearless, but be calm,
Be humble—so be strong—
For, oh, it is a giant work
To fight with sin and wrong!
Be patient—God hath waited long
For faithless, fearful man—
And man must wait for God, and still
Work out his Holy plan!

Then for the right, brave pioneers,
Make straight a pathway through—
Prove all things—smite the false and base,
Hold fast the good and true.
The hoary trunk of falsehood smite—
Smite and be not afraid;
But let no true thing's life blood green
Distain thy shining blade! C. T. S.

Reasons for Learning to Sing.—The celebrated William Byrd, the author of "Non nobis Domine," gave the following very forcible reasons for learning to sing, in a scarce work, published in 1598, entitled "Psalms, sonnets, and song of sadness and pietie:"

"First—It is a knowledge easily taught and quickly learned, where there is a good master and apt scholar.

"Secondly—The exercise of singing is delightful to nature, and good to preserve the health of man.

"Thirdly—It doth strengthen all parts of the heart, and doth open the pipes.

"Fourthly—It is a singular good remedie for a stuttering and stammering in the speech.

"Fifthly—It is the best means to preserve a perfect pronunciation, and to make a good orator.

"Sixthly—It is the only way to know when nature hath bestowed a good voice, which gift is so rare that there is not one among a thousand that hath it, and in many that excellent gift is lost because they want an art to express nature.

"Seventhly—There is not any music of instruments whatever, comparable to that which is made of men's voices, when the voices are good, and the same well sorted and ordered.

"Eighthly—The better the voice is, the meeter it is to honor and serve God therewith; and the voice of man is chiefly to be employed to that end."

Methodists.—This term, now designating a very numerous body of Christians, originated in 1792, at the university of Oxford, where John Wesley and his brother Charles were students at the time. They, with a few of their fellow-students who were intended for the ministry, formed the most rigid and severe rules for the regulation of their time and studies, and for their religious exercises. The ardent piety and strict observance of system in everything connected with certain new opinions displayed by the Wesleys and their adherents, as well as in their college studies, which they never neglected, attracted the notice and excited the jeers of the various members of the University, and gained for them the appellation of *Methodists*, in allusion to the *methodici*, a class of physicians at Rome, who were rigid systematizers.—*Lift for the Lazy.*